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PROMPT attention given to all business  
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74 April 17-ly

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Prompt attention given to the Collec-  
tion of Claims.  
July 15-77.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**J. T. CAZIER, D. D. S.,**  
DENTAL ROOMS,  
[The Building formerly occupied by  
the Rev. Dr. Munsey, 3 doors East  
of the M. E. C. S., Main Street,  
JONESBORO, TENNESSEE.  
Feb 3-77.

**DR. J. M. KINC,**  
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Will scientifically Perform  
all Dental Operations  
and Guarantee  
Satisfaction.

**WILL BE AT**  
BRISTOL, Tenn., from the 1st to the  
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1st door from Main.  
[Bristol, Tenn., from the 9th to the 16th  
of each month; office Main street, East  
End.  
JOHNSON CITY, Tenn., the remainder  
of the month; office, Dr. Seckman's old  
office.  
may 20-1872.

**POTTS & BRIDGERS.**  
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(Assignments Solicited and faithful at-  
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Waukena Mills, Carters, Tenn.; Hull &  
Taylor, Mariou, Va.  
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FURNITURE,  
JONESBOROUGH TENNESSEE.  
Keeps constantly on hand Luggage of  
all kinds  
Bureaus, Bed-stands, Lounges,  
Sofas, &c., &c.,  
and will always keep his ware-rooms  
well filled with furniture, and lumber  
ready in exchange for furniture.  
Those who may be so unfortunate as  
to lose their friends will find coffins of  
all kinds ready for use at my shop.  
April 17-77.

**Herald and Tribune.**

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# Herald and Tribune.

Honesty of Purpose and Equal Rights to all Men, will secure Happiness to the People.

VOL. VII.

JONESBOROUGH, TENN., THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1876.

NO. 26.

## WINNER SCHEDULE.

E. T. VA &amp; G. R. B.

## ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

TRAINS.	ARRIVES.	LEAVES.
No. 1, Western Bound Mail.	6:06 A. M.	6:09 A. M.
No. 2, Eastern Bound Mail.	9:02 P. M.	9:05 P. M.
No. 3, Western Bound Mail.	9:03 P. M.	9:06 P. M.
No. 4, Eastern Bound Mail.	7:10 A. M.	7:13 A. M.
No. 5, Western Bound Freight.	5:30 A. M.	5:33 A. M.
No. 6, Eastern Bound Freight.	6:18 P. M.	6:21 P. M.



## LITTLE FEET.

In castle hall or cottage homes,  
Wherever gentle childhood roams,  
Oh, there is nothing half so sweet  
As busy tread of little feet.

The sighing breeze, the ocean's roar,  
The purring rill, the organ's power,  
All stir the soul, but nobler deep  
As tiny tread of little feet.

When forth we go at early morn,  
To meet the world and brave its scorn,  
Adown the garden walk so neat  
We see the prints of little feet.

At eve when homeward we repair,  
With aching limbs and brow of care,  
Tear voices sing out clear and sweet,  
Then comes the rush of little feet.

The knives are lost, the dishes stray,  
The tools are spirited away,  
And when we go the host to seek,  
We take the trail of little feet.

But when the angel Death hath come,  
And calls these flowers from our home,  
Oppressive silence reigns complete,  
We miss the sound of little feet.

The tools are safe, no dishes stray,  
No doors are slammed all day;  
But, oh! 'twould give its pleasure sweet  
To hear again those noisy feet.

Soft night has come, all are asleep;  
Hush, hush, my heart, and cease to beat!  
Was that the step of little feet?

Yes, mother, 'twas the softened tread  
Of him you miss and mourn as dead,  
And often in your sweetest sleep  
You'll dream of hearing little feet.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And you approach that blissful shore,  
The first to run your soul to greet,  
Will be your darling's little feet.

## The End of the World.

A meeting of Second Adventists was  
held on Sunday in Cooper Union to  
discuss the prophecy of a coming  
Christ in 1876. About seventy-five  
persons, most of whom were gray-haired  
and thoughtful looking men, gath-  
ered in a little room. The meeting  
was opened by singing the hymn—  
O, shout for joy, let songs arise,  
The Lamb that once was slain  
Will come in glory from the skies  
Upon the earth to reign.  
We will stand the storm,  
It will not be very long,  
We will anchor by and by.

Mr. Jerre, who had written on a  
black-board some figures to show that  
the end of the world, or "the time of  
the end," will come this year, spoke  
about the fulfillment of the prophecy  
in the twelfth chapter of Daniel. He  
illustrated his interpretation of the  
prophecy by historical references.

"It says in the day the wicked shall  
do wickedly," he said, "Now did you  
ever see such a time of corruption and  
rotteness as this! I have never  
known, and I cannot find any one who  
has ever known such a time of cor-  
ruption in Church and State every-  
where. Look at this Belknap case.  
But that is only one. Suppose you  
should go to Washington and nearth  
all the elements of corruption there,  
what would become of it?"

He next argued that the prophecies  
foretold the end of 1,335 years from a  
given time, that is from "the time  
when the daily sacrifices shall be  
taken away and the abomination that  
maketh desolate be set up." This abom-  
ination, he said, was the Church of Rome,  
and its setting occurred in 541, when the  
Emperor Justinian placed it on the pin-  
nacle of its power, and in order to do so,  
overthrew the Goths. Then followed the  
period of 1,290 years spoken of in the  
prophecy bringing the time up to 1831,  
when the allied powers of Europe, to pre-  
vent a continental war, took away from  
the Pope just as much power as Justinian  
had given him. To this 1,290 years the  
prophecy added a month and a half,  
meaning forty-five years, thus fixing the  
time of the end in 1876. In this view,  
Mr. Jerre said, science and revelation  
agreed. He did not attempt to fix the  
day of the month of the end, which is to  
come "like a thief in the night."

Two or three other persons spoke, and  
one old man criticised the churches for  
not preaching the coming of Christ.

Something that always soots a  
chimney-sweep.

## Hans Phiffen's Gander Story.

Ven I vas von leedle poy, I liven in  
der country, and I has der thonstist time  
vich ever vas. In dose country, der  
boeples has der biggest vlocks of der  
goose vaterer you sees. Mien mudder  
she livers dere, dgo, und has der goose  
und der bij vhedder beds—der goose ish  
der bird vich swins goot in der vaters,  
und makes der vhedders.

I vas der leatest von of der poyes  
vich der vas, und I has to sleep in der  
mittle mit a vhedder bed.

I sinks away down; I he's so hot  
I puffs and blows, und dinks mien Goot!  
Dot ish not all, I vas so crow  
I has no room do kick abod.

But der vhorstest drouble vat I has  
vas mit old Blue. Dot vas a gander,  
und he vas der vhorst goose to fight mit  
vat ever vas. He shoost dakes holt mit  
me, und

He vhlips, und he vhlips so confound  
Mit his old elbow vhangs.  
He hurt mien legs so thunarin' bad,  
I hollers like somedings.

And it shoost makes me so mad as  
never can be; und Shosh he gids mad  
dod. Shosh vas dows leedle colored poyes  
so bij as me vat vchairs der long shirt  
vhen der vhedder's vharu do keep cool  
mit. And Shosh vas der bravest poyes  
vich der vas. He geds him a goot  
sefick, und he goes do vind dot goose ter  
vlight mit him; und vhn dot goose see  
Shosh he vhlips. He shoost dakes holt  
be comes close der. I glimes on der vepce,  
I vas notting asured—I shoost glimes ub  
der do see goot. vhen Shosh vhlips dot  
goose, und vhen Shosh comes close  
dier dot goose dakes holt mit him, und  
he shoost dows ged der bestest holt on  
dot poy vat ever vas.

Shosh hollers, und hollers in such a vay  
Der vorks all gone runnin' out  
Do see vat in der dunder vas  
All dot fuss aboud.

Und mien vader he gimes dows, und vhen  
he knows vat der matter vhas, he valls  
down und rolls over coepier times; und  
vas der maddest poyes der vas.

Some times, after dot, so long as vot  
never comes no more, I told Shosh vat  
make him forged dows vlight dot goose  
dows dimes?

"Shoost kase! Hush your mout, und  
lem me alone," und dot vas all der poy  
vould ax me.—Sunny South.

**Who Ran Marsh Away.**

When Marsh, the principal witness  
against Belknap, fled to Canada, Mr. Cly-  
mer and his friends said that he had been  
driven away by the threats of the Presi-  
dent, made in Cabinet meeting, that he  
should be punished. But Marsh left  
Washington in haste, on Thursday noon,  
and Mr. Clymer was in such a hurry to  
have him go, that he agreed to send his  
(Marsh's) fees after him, in order that he  
should not be detained. That is to say,  
Marsh ran away because the President,  
next day was to express a desire to have  
him punished. Driven from Washington  
by this "fearful looking for of judgment,"  
Mr. Marsh might have tarried in New  
York, but he had a brief interview with  
his lawyer and with his wife, and kept on  
to Canada. Therefore, the threat of the  
President, made while he was in this City  
could not have feared him away. Driven  
from this ground, the Democrats now say  
that he fled because the Republican pa-  
pers "hounded" him down.

The World solemnly says that "on Sat-  
urday morning the Republican papers,  
the New York Times included, thirled  
for this witness' punishment." But, on  
Saturday morning, while the Times is  
quite gratuitously assumed to have been  
calling for Marsh's punishment, that dis-  
creet person was already safely across the  
border. The question is, therefore, did  
the President, on Friday drive Marsh  
away from Washington? He left on  
Thursday. Or did the Times, on Sat-  
urday morning, drive him away from New  
York? He left on Friday. Going back to the  
beginning, then, we see that Marsh  
was hurried away by Clymer, who was so  
anxious to have the man go that offered  
to send after him—this rich trader and  
capitalist—his paltry witness fees.—New  
York Times.

**Cure for Toothache.**

Dr Dyce Buckworth an English physician,  
contributes a short memorandum on this  
subject. He was called on lately to treat  
a case of very severe toothache, and tried  
various ordinary remedies, including  
fit to the patient. He then remembered  
having read that the pain might be reliev-  
ed by holding in the mouth a solution of  
bicarbonate of soda. He gave the patient  
half a drachm in an ounce of his astonish-  
ment the pain ceased immediately, and a  
complete relief was secured. He thinks  
that as the remedy is so simple, and the  
disease so distressing and often intractable  
may be worthy of notice and imitation

## A Terrible Mistake.

Weddings are as thick in this vicinity  
just now as blackbirds in a mulberry  
marsh. This time it is two couples from  
the classic and mystic shades of the Bad-  
ger State, not more than a hundred miles  
from Sinsinawa Mound. They had heard  
of the hospitality of our clerks, our law-  
yers, our squires, and the people of Du-  
buque in general, and concluded that the  
environs of the Key City was just the  
place wherein to weld the letters that  
bind a life. Arriving in Dunleith, they  
boarded the ferry-boat, and placing them-  
selves under the protecting wing of  
Captain Yates, soon stood upon the levee  
that has cost the city so much time,  
money, and condemnation. The horse  
cars took them to a hotel, where they  
were assigned to the parlor while a mes-  
senger was dispatched for "Squire Gris-  
wold. Upon his arrival the squire took in  
the situation at a glance, and after satisfy-  
ing himself that all was legal and correct,  
performed the marriage ceremony in dupli-  
cate. The grooms were brothers and the  
brides sisters, young and handsome. After  
they were married, the clerk of the hotel  
was requested to show them suitable  
rooms, which he did, putting John and  
his wife in one, and James and his wife  
in the other, which was immediately over  
John's room on the next floor. The grooms  
left their newly-made wives in their re-  
spective rooms, and sauntered abroad to  
look over the city. During their wander-  
ings they fell in with several of their rural  
neighbors, and congratulatory drinks were  
the consequence of the meeting under the  
circumstances. The hilarious greetings  
were continued late in evening when John  
and James thought it was about time to  
retire. John was asked by the clerk if he  
should be shown to his room, but John  
said he could easily find it, as it was north-  
east corner of the building. James tarried  
awhile near the warm stove in which was  
a cheery fire burning, and for two hours  
was thinking, perhaps, of by-gone times,  
recalling the old scenes and summoning  
half-forgotten faces out of the mists of the  
past. He too soon retired, and with the  
same assurance to the clerk that he could  
easily find his room, as he remembered it  
was in the northeast corner of the build-  
ing.

The shades of night eucanopied the  
two happy couples, as they slept in love's  
dreams. The morning dawned, and with  
it the fact that the lovers and husbands  
had mistaken the rooms. John had un-  
consciously retired in Jane's room and  
with James' wife, while James had done  
the same in John's room. Here was a  
dilemma, which bashfulness had caused.  
What was to be done? The girls were  
perplexed and abashed, but the mistake  
was irreparable. After a consultation  
over the wreck of their conjugal bliss,  
they concluded to forgive and forget, and  
avoid dark rooms in the future.

**"Better Take a Sheep Too"**

A valued friend and able farmer, about  
the time the temperance reform was be-  
ginning to exert a healthful influence,  
said to his newly-hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention  
to you, when I hired you, that I shall  
try and have my work done this year  
without rum. How much must I give  
you to do without?"

"O," said Jonathan, "I don't care  
much about it; you may give me what  
you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give  
you a sheep in the fall, if you do without  
rum."

"Agreed."

"Father, will you give me a sheep, too  
if I will do without rum?" then asked  
the elder son.

"Yes, you shall have a sheep, if you do  
without."

The youngest son then said:

"Father, will you give me a sheep, if  
I will do without."

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep  
also."

Presently Chandler speaks again:

"Father, hadn't you better take a  
sheep, too?"

The farmer shook his head; he hardly  
thought that he could give up the "critter"  
yet, but the appeal came from a source  
not easily to be disregarded; and the  
result was, the demon rum was thence-  
forth banished from the premises, to the  
great joy and ultimate happiness of all  
concerned.

My Bible is my church. It is always  
open, and there my High Priest ever wait-  
ing to receive me. There I have my  
confessionals, my thanksgivings, my psalms  
of praise, a field of promises, and a con-  
gregation of whom the world is not  
worthy—prophets and apostles, and mar-  
tyrs and confessors. In short, all I can  
want I there find.

## An Unlucky Kiss.

"Now," said the old man, as he drove  
in the last nail, "if they want to swing  
on the gate let 'em do it; it's strong  
enough to hold 'em now, and moon-  
light's cheaper than coal oil, anyhow."

"Husband, you're a brute to talk  
that way," said his better half.

"What's the matter now, old wo-  
man?"

"You know that Matilda doesn't  
swing on the gate with her young man  
at night. Oh, that I should ever have  
lived to hear her own father say so?"

"Now, look here, old woman, don't  
you condemn Matilda for that?"

"Not condemn Matilda for swinging  
on the gate with a young man, in the  
night! Why, your vulgar old wretch!"

"You'd better not." And she my own child  
too?"

"You're getting excited, my dear."

"You're an old fool and a brute to  
talk to me as you do. You know I get  
excited, but I will vindicate my child,  
even when her father slanders her."

"I didn't do it."

"I say you did."

"But I say I didn't."

"And I say you did, did, so you  
did."

"You'd better go in the house, my  
love."

"And leave you here to slander my  
child? No, sir; I'll have you under-  
stand that Matilda's mother has some  
respect for her, if her father hasn't."

"My love, why will you fly off on a  
tangent, and work yourself into such  
a pet?"

"I'm not in a pet; I never get in a  
pet."

"Now, after all, what have I said  
against Matilda?"

"Said?" "Didn't you accuse her of  
improper conduct?"

"By no means."

Didn't you say she strayed out at  
night with young men, and it saved  
expense, you old skinflint?"

"I was only jesting?"

"Oh, you were? Your own flesh  
and blood, my poor, innocent Matilda  
to be made a jest! That I should have  
lived,"—and the poor woman broke  
down with sobbing.

"Now, see here old woman," said the  
husband, kindly, but firmly, "if you  
don't hush your nonsense and dry up,  
I'll tell Matilda's beau not to be caught  
swinging on the gate, with her at  
night, and I'll tell 'em why."

"You will, hey?"

"Yes, I will; because when I was  
a courting young man, I was swinging  
on the gate with a young woman one  
night, and Sam Solomon happened to  
pass by just as she gave me the good-  
night kiss."

She commenced feeling around for  
something.

"It was the most unlucky kiss I ever  
got, for Sam gave up trying after that,  
and as soon as he got out of the war it  
was me or nobody."

It was lucky he got over the fence  
and around the corner as quick as he  
did, or the surgeon wouldn't have had  
such an easy job of it.

**Marriage.**

Girls talk and laugh about marriage  
as though it was a jubilee, a glad some  
thing, a rose without a thorn. And so it  
is if it is all right—if they go about it  
as rational beings instead of merry-making  
children. It is a serious thing to marry.  
It is a life business. Therefore, never  
do it in haste; never run away to get  
married, never marry for wealth or stand-  
ing, or fine person, or manners, but for  
character, for worth, for the qualities of  
mind and heart which make an honorable  
man. Take time; think long and well  
before you accept any proposal; consult  
your parents, then some judicious friend,  
then your own judgment. Learn all that  
is possible for you to learn of your pro-  
posed husband. When all doubts have  
been removed, and not till then, accept  
him.

Be content as your mouth is full and  
body covered; remember the poor; kiss  
the pretty girls; never pick an editor's  
pocket, nor entertain an idea that he is  
going to treat; kick hard times and dull  
care both to the deuce; black your own  
boots; sew on your own buttons; cherish  
friends and forgive your enemies; love  
your neighbor and his wife; and be sure  
to take a paper or two, and pay for them.

A cold application to the feet, such as  
iron, water, rock, earth or ice, is an excel-  
lent remedy for cramp. If the patient be  
seized in the upper part of the body, ap-  
ply the remedy to the hands instead of the  
feet.

## One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago wedding tours  
were not fashionable.

One hundred years ago farmers did not  
cut their legs off with mowing machines.

One hundred years ago mothers did not  
worry over disordered sewing ma-  
chines.

One hundred years ago horses that  
could trot a mile in 2:14 were somewhat  
scarce.

One hundred years ago it took several  
days to procure a divorce and find a con-  
genial spirit.

One hundred years ago every young man  
was not an applicant for a position as a  
clerk or book keeper.

One hundred years ago gas monopolies  
and extortion were unknown, and the boys  
and girls did their sparking as well by  
the light of oil lamps and tallow candles.

One hundred years ago men did not  
commit suicide by going up in balloons and  
coming down without them.

One hundred years ago there were no  
Turkish harems at Salt Lake and no  
Anna Elizav sailing for the nineteenth  
part of a divorce.

One hundred years ago the people  
knew nothing of "higher law," "true in-  
wardness," or Plymouth Church morality,  
credit mobbers, government subsidies, or  
crooked whiskey rings.

One hundred years ago England was  
not far behind the United States in all  
that goes to make a nation powerful and  
progressive.

One hundred years ago the Dutch had  
taken Holland, but they had not made  
France "dome down" with a handsome  
pile of "smart money."

One hundred years ago a young woman  
did not lose caste by wetting her hands  
in dish water or rubbing the skin  
off her knuckles on a washboard.

One hundred years ago a physician who  
could not draw every form of disease from  
the system by tapping a large vein  
in the arm, was not much of a doctor.

One hundred years ago men were not  
running about over the country with mil-  
lions of fish eggs to be hatched to order.  
Fish superintended their own hatching in  
those days.

One hundred years ago the condition  
of the weather on the 1st of January was  
not telegraphed all over the continent on  
the evening of December 31. Things  
have changed.

One hundred years ago people did not  
worry about transit and cheap transporta-  
tion, but threw